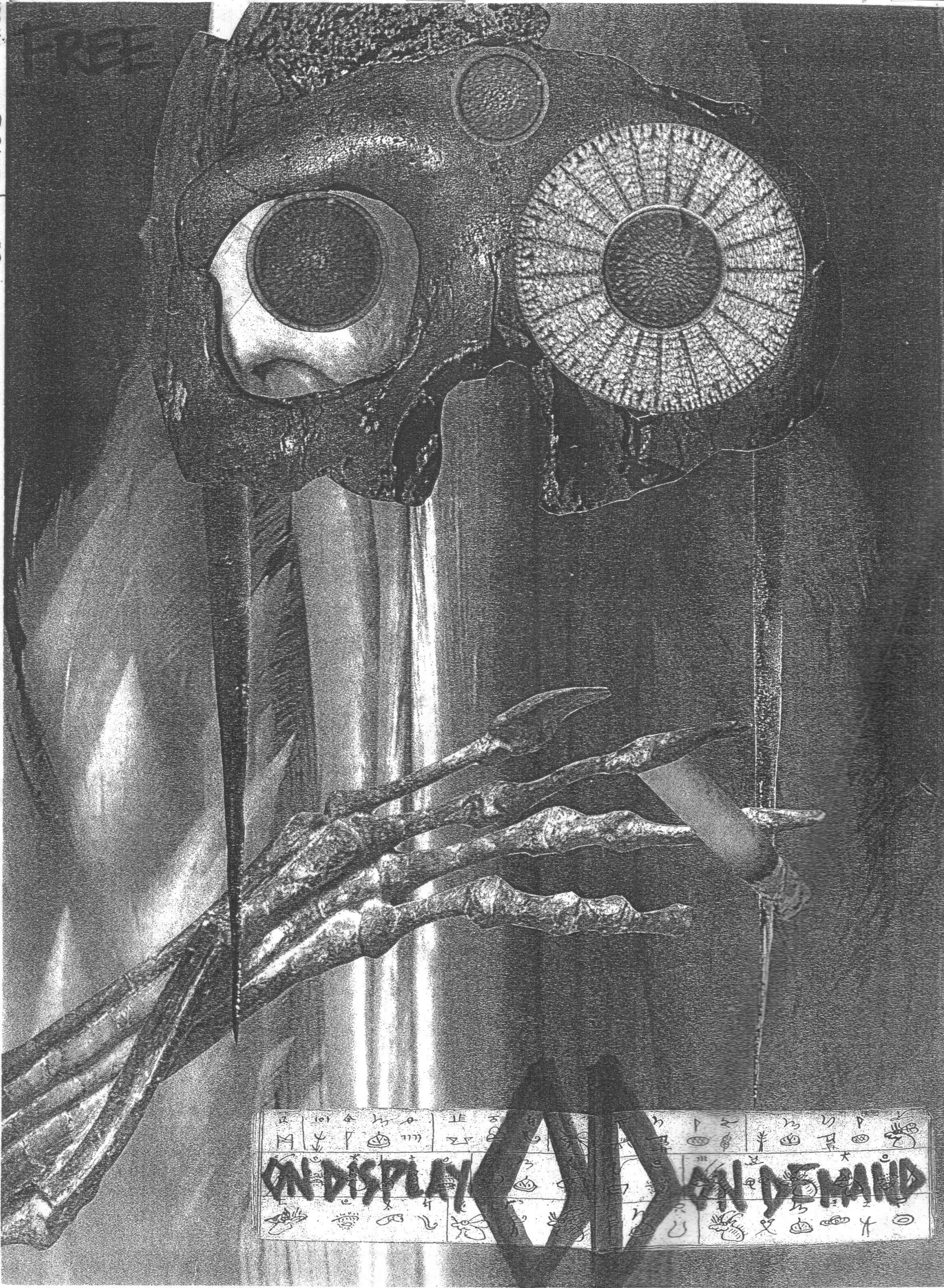


ON DISPLAY ON DEMAND



strung out on a ~~cake~~, hung over, and with a screaming stomach wailing on and on about it; s own emptiness like a goddamn marilyn fagson song. i cant even meet my own deadline and why thats any surprise is a mystery to me. god bless you, mr. rosewater.

Slowly, walk backwards towards me - slowly!

well, whats happening in the rest of the world now? paris hilton is designing dog clothing, the chinese are rioting about the inaccuracy of text books (fackin-a to that, goddamn), the gomery inquiry is public, and here i am, out of ~~refer~~. whats a kid to do? have you read about the prison arson yet? that was a wild night, and a fantastic show of the law taking ~~of~~ advantage of fairly ~~inco~~ well-meaning kids who dont know the laws too well. everything was taken ~~from them~~ without exception, even the dollar seventy-five in their ~~p-p-p~~ pockets. for ~~a~~ no legitimate reason, i might add, apparently to be tested for gasoline resin. nothing has yet been returned.

and here im still sucked in this fearful mess of a town. no local venues, few decent ~~drugs~~, expensive beer, backwards hicks looking for a punching bag, and the pedophile facks infesting tommys and raping the 15 year olds britney spears fans with bad fake ~~Q.D.s~~ ~~Q.D.s~~ and ~~0~~ good ~~1~~ is getting scarce. there are few decent people left to do ~~psychology~~ with these days, as well. im stuck left to watch this place rot because im too young to get into politics, but believe me i do not think the younger kids should be able to vote. hell, 18 seems too young to me, and im still 17. i know 23 year olds with the mind capacity of a slow two year old. you should ~~have~~ have to pass a psychological exam and an iq test to be allowed to vote. if your system is so ~~fucking~~ valuable, we can tell by how well youve protected the damn thing. ~~he~~ fack, people up here are more concerned with ~~th~~ bush than martin, and thats a fucking whole other country. want to know whats americanizing us the most? it aint the states at fault there. that's our goddamn fault. stations ~~like~~ ~~ctv~~ (canadian television) are playing american idol, with ben fucking mulroney, and his smile composed of the remnants a black hole, hosting the pussy version. ~~they~~ so, since politics aint possible now, i'll make my voice in my own way. the decent people in this town, whichever ones are left, will be heard here. it aint a new platform, but its a platform, and we aren't that picky right now, i don't think. welcome to ~~the~~ ~~potential~~ of the criminal mind.

ON DISPLAY

ON DEMAND

dark

OR

-RUNT (OF THE LITTER)

CDmagazine@canada.com

Drawn in a disordaly foundation of current phsf physical boundrie
left to sink further into our own submission. Knowcked into a
hyold where we strangle within our own immortality. A sense of
indignation is risen across the

very essence⁴ of our own
sacred life. Yet We are

still entranced within
our own suffering

Broken inside our own silence, were pulled into our ingering
mental state of influence... Disgusted the own influence breaks
the freedom which bombs the empire of influence... Seeing eyes,
cant ever bleed... And yet we stare at a constant symbol of
liberty and social freedom, and something, is missing from a
view of consuming intentions... And by that, I only dismay the v
ery essence of a new dawn of recolected integrity, a new motion
of activists picturesque mind numbing freedom and liberty.
Do not bleed the sense of righteousness into one's own morality
s but break the very nature of held back security...

Wake up. Put on your clothes. 6:30
am. PM 60LBome coffee. NEED MYSEN.
SUBSECTION (D) of
the Criminal Code States that whoever
thinks outside the box shall be S R C K

man over there thinks you're acting
WEIRD. The only problem is tyheone
you create. CLICHE.. In order for people
to listen you have to RIP off their
eyelids and scream in their ears so they
get the cinematic performance of this
year, sob stories, pity me in the
new CANCER you're the ones who made me

you have the RIGHT to remain VIOLENT.
anything you say will be used against
YOU. USE your MIND. Knowledge is POWER.
HEWHO DIES with the most KNOWLEDGE
was ASSASSINATED. You look different
you ARE the weak ENEMY. It has to
start somewhere. It has to start somehow
What better place then here. What better
place then NOW. OPEN YOUR EYES
OPEN YOUR MOUTH. RAISE YOUR HANDS. MAKE
A REVOLUTION.

I Bore Myself...

DOWN in an angry display OF DIVINE
vengeance. YOU ARE GOING TO HELL.
Today a million died somewhere. U
haven't eaten in about 3 hours. The

this way. I WISH I had enough for some
FEAR. FEAR is YOUR FRIEND. Where were
you when they built the ladder to Heaven
with great power Comes great responsibi
lity. but you're in charge so who CARES/
He's got the whole world in his HANDS
got a KNOWLEDGE in mine. From there
to here from here to there. Foreign
things are everywhere. You FEAR what
you don't understand but you prefer
to have others think YOU ARE THE SYSTEM
Close your eyes and open your mind
Convenience costs 1.09 a litre and a
eternity of ecological HELL. But what
do I know?. Im just the MAN behind the
LABEL. Impracticality is next to GODLY
NESS. Fuck the NATION. My SOUL must
be ironed. My FEAR is NAKED. No GLOVE
no REVOLUTION. YOU ARE GODder arrest.

Possibilities are endless but your life isn't. So why are you
just sitting there. theres a whole world out there for you to d
destroy. Why not get into your car and drive on over
to their local store, grab YOURSELF A AAa and have a
,,,and while your at it you might AAS well help youraself
to a big helping of reasonable cause for revolution, You are
GOD, the true ruler of . No one knows it but you...but you
can convince them...oh yes my friend, they'll be bowing down to
you in no time...Its quite simple to achieve ... in fact most of
the people you know know that you are god..THE GOD already...
ALL YOU NEED now is your . Spread your
gospel...make them hear your righteous message..cleanse your
sheep of suffering, give them the gift of eternal peace
They WASTE t....the FATE OF IS IN YOUR HANDS
A

cleanse

the ALL

worldWHO of OPPOSE

Living in quarantined cells made of stone bricks and drooping necks. A thirst that ravages what hunger desolves. Amidst angry guards with desecrated grins aligned like an army of fallen soldiers. Turbulent chemistry inni-halates what seductive calling, which lays behind torn limbs and naked truth. Heresy, pulls close to all misguided fortune, a resembling war of internal dissatisfaction. Slammed upon what's the secular nature of the error. The devine thought. A path with a thousand excuses.

Fire blown sky. Crash of the rapture. Irredescent quakes that break what race is left. Mindless. A gesture so irradical, something less pure than the torment of the real. Guided by faith into a subsequent valley of trickling poisons and infertile lands. A growth of painful illusions; the effect of blank looks and meaning glares. A growth with the justified imbalance, a shun from the empirialistic nightmare, a rash unheard claim to negotiate the remaining indescencies that loom abroad the edges that rest paralyzed. A disturbance which presses the likelihood that encloses what is left of a terrorized planet. A re-emerging front, tumbling the last of what's left in a dry wasted land. Dead wheats and lustic crops. Sickening prospective, a prejudice outlook from the quiet areas of freedom. The great venture of mass media and economical growth. an endless hole of suffocation and lies left untold.

THIS IS NOT A CONFESSION
THAT YOU ARE READING
THIS RIGHT NOW
YOU ARE NOT THE
ONE WHO IS CRA-
ZY. YOU ARE. RE-
MEMBER THAT
to ever agree

Learned against this systematic filling, where we push our consent against the a punishment of foreign affairs and legitiment proceedings rise to prosecute an undoubting means or insecure necessities. Thoroughly compromising our shuffle to break a routine, which are plugged into, daily exercises of monogonous play reels. A new, which so unaware that we are to, has blown means of resuscitation; and yet we have been no explanation to our

Blindness is caused by ignorance

WE ARE THE SHEEP BAAH WE ARE THE MASS HERD BORN TO THE HERD RAISED WITHIN FORCED
TO DWELL WITHIN A COLOURLESS ENVIRONMENT WHICH RAISES US IN THE OPINIONS OF
OUR KINDRED ELDERS SOME COMPLAIN IT IS HARD TO SEE THROUGH HERD
TO THE OUTSIDE THEY'RE ASSURED ONLY HERD IS THERE TO BE SEEN SAYS THE
SHEPHERD THERE IS NOTHING ELSE TO SEE WORTH SEEING MASS UPON MASS
CLONES CHASING BLIND THE TAIL THE ASS OF THE ONE IN FRONT OF US SOME
THING TO DO CONSTANTLY JUMPING AND SEPPING OVER OTHERS MOVING AHEAD TO
JUST FIND MORE SHEEP FALLING BACK TO SHEEP AGAIN NO END NO BEGINNING
THE SICK REPETITIVE RAT RACE RUNNING RACING ATTEMPTING TO BEAT SOME
ONE WHO TO THE END TO WIN A PRIZE NEVER CONFIRMED TO EXIST NEVER EVER
MADE TO BELIEVE JUST AROUND THE CORNER IT DOES BECAUSE WHY ELSE
WOULD THE SELF KEEP PACE KEEP RACING THE PRIZE THE REWARD FOR ALL
THE HARD WORK SUBJECTED SUBCONSCIOUSLY OVER OURSELVES ALL THIS TIME
THE GREAT THE PRIZE IS DEATH. DON'T RUN SO FAST. IN ORDER TO CONTINUE
TO REVOLVE AND EVOLVE WE AS HUMANS MUST BE SHED OF THE SKIN OF MINDS MEMORIES
CRACKED AND DRY RISE RELEASE OURSELVES FROM THE TATTERED DROESTIED THAT
HATH HELD US AS CHILDREN KINDRED AND KINDER SILENT COMFORTED CONFORMED
IS CONTENTLY IN OUR IGNORANCE OPEN YOUR MIND SELF STEP UP SELLY YOUR OLD TH
ORIES FOR NEW BASED IDEAS BASED ON EXPERIENCE ACCEPT THE FACT THAT
EVERYTHING YOU HAVE COME TO KNOW AND INTAKE AS KNOWLEDGE COULD BE
WRONG BY THE POWER OF ABUSIVE SUGGESTION AS A CHILD NOTHING IS TRUE IT IS ONLY
PERMITTED EASILY ALLOWED ENTRANCE REALIZE WITH MIND'S EYE THE FALSENESS OF
EACH OTHER IN OURSELVES EVOLVE BECOME MORE REVOLVE AROUND FULL CIRCLE COM
COME FRESH OPEN SHED THE SKIN CRACKED AND DRY MASKING THE MIND EYE
CLIMB TO THE NEXT TRUNK THE LADDER RINGING BENEATH FEET SINGING AS YOU
CLING STEP HIGHER ONE STEP CLOSER TO PERFECTION TO ABOVE FACELESS OF THE
CREATOR OF YOU IN THE IMAGE KICKING AND SCREAMING INNOCENTLY AT BIRTH FOR
THE SOFT STONE CRADLE BY OTHERS ACCEPTED ABOVE YOU BEYOND YOU WHOM YOU
HAVE PERMITTED TO BE CLOSER TO GOD. LOSE THE OPINIONATED OPPRESSION SUBMISSIO
THE AGENDA OF THE SHEPHERD THE LEADER OF THE HERD THAT CAST AND CASED SHUN THE IN
DIVIDUAL DELIVER BLAST ATTACK WITH AGGRESSION LIKE WHAT YOU HAVE BEEN GIVEN TO LOSE THE
ABUSE BALL AND CHAIN BREAK THE SHELL THAT CONTAINS RUN FREE THROUGH RAIN AND WEA
THER FEATHER IN THE WIND FLOATING FREE UNTETHERED TO TRAVEL WILLFULLY WITH THE
WIND THAT WISPERS OVER SHEEP'S BACK THROUGH SHEEP AND BEYOND THE CALLS OF THE SHEP
HERD TO WEATHERED FIELDS UNTAMED UNNAMED BEYOND TOUCH AND SMELL BUT NEVER
SIGHT ALWAYS SEEN THROUGH EYES BLIND TO LIGHT EVEN VISIBLE ALWAYS OPEN YOUR SHEP
FORTOSING SEE THE EVERYTHING INVITING YOU TO JOIN AND STAY PLAY THROUGH EN
LESS DON'T TRUE AS THE DAY CREATED EVER DESECRATED • MR. MORDER

REWIND THE MIND TAPE AND ERASE CHANGING
AND REARRANGING CUT ERASE
REPLACE THE IMAGES.
CREATED BY OTHERS

Ahh...the battle between the homeful and the homeless. Those comfortably content within their IKEAN society, and the others who don't have these luxuries because they don't feel they need them. I mean, they've beaten a trench around this bush deep enough to build a scrap metal roof over and solve the problem, but that's beside the point, I guess. Because supposedly, they've tried everything, and they've exhausted every idea to the point where they're merely throwing in the towel now, and whoever wants to roll it up and use it as a pillow can go right ahead. I mean, they've tried loading up all the eyesores into a van and driving them out to the middle of the country in the middle of the night then kicking them out the door in a drug filled haze as the van still flies down Loughheed at 90 clicks - that always works with an unwanted pet - but for some reason they manage to sniff their way back to the alley they call home by morning. They've tried just allowing them to use their drugs freely, and providing them with a sanitary environment from which to do so in hopes of.... well, I'm not exactly sure, but that hasn't seemed to solve the problem either.

But that's the thing. What is the problem exactly? I mean, what is the homeless people's problem, because that's the one that needs to be addressed in order to deal with the "more important problem" of the eyesore factor inflicted upon our law-abiding citizens, am I right? Well, the way I see it, it stems from the idea that we live in a world that is completely owned. I mean, No Name is a name brand and flavorless is a flavor. Every single thing has a shiny price tag hanging from it with a logo that's been stamped upon it by some drugged up teenager in a tiny run down warehouse in some town you've never heard of, and they're sick of having to think about this money driven world all day long. They do not want to "buy" a house, they do not want to "get a job" because every home available to them was built by someone else for someone else, and lived in until they didn't want it anymore, where it was subsequently dumped on dozens of other tenants who have stained the premises beyond originality. But bottom line, it's not theirs, and any job available to them is within an over-crowded, under worthy field, where a person is constantly reminded - by the grease stains or gasoline splattering up their arm as they "drop more fries" or "fill'er up" - that they know better than this.

We will not demean ourselves simply because someone else was here first and we will always be bitter about the fact that when the Earth was giving out its "unlimited resources" you guys claimed it all for yourselves before we even had an embryonic chance, and now there's nothing. So how do you cure this sickness of one knowing better?

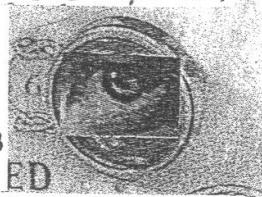
How do we solve the problem and help these people "get with the program"? First off, by understanding that this is not a problem, nor a sickness, but merely a logical reaction to the world around us that's being devoured to voraciously and forces us to change so suddenly, adapting like chameleons. We are an accelerated evolution caused by this "information age" as we've "named" it, and we perpetually continue to accelerate.

And this is good.

This is a solution.

bleat (biēt) 1 the cry made by a sheep, goat, or calf,

bi-as (bi'əs) 1 a slanting line: *Cloth is cut on the bias when it is cut diagonally across the weave.* 2 an opinion formed before there is reason for it; a tendency to favor one side too much: *The speaker's bias was easy to recognize.* 3 to influence, usually unfairly. 1, 2 n., 3 v., **bi-ased** or **bi-ased**, **bi-as-ing** or **bi-as-ing**.



Like an en-daggered species, we evolve as an unsatisfactory rate. Unknowing to our own necessities, we've adjusted our survival on the scientific growth of human evolution. I find it strange that we've known, our own benefits of life, come with drastic measures. I also can't understand how we've decided as a growing world, that we've overcome it. We are still laying in the dirt, scrambling to our knees; for a crippled man lying on the streets, waiting for a mercenary.. Is still unworthy of any of our so-called 'jumps'. We have yet to break apart the pieces that linger behind us. Our lost ecology is only due to our consumption, and yet we're content with our vision?

"Diseased, we are. Lurking over earth, a tidal wave of insecurities, and rising self-esteem. Compelled by our survival, we continue to breach our own existence by undermining its possibilities. We see the elevated shore lines, and drenched fields and washed away cities.. Yet we're content in a visionary state of perpetual motion. Glistening across the sky in a super-realistic jetsons' like nature. Destroying the womb which birthed us, and yet we're content with our denial. Our destruction of god's planet. The disease that we bear, is the mark, which we thrive with. Our forever demise."

Cancer. Sick is it not? Rising from your addiction, your stress caused by simple ambitions of life. A human created symptom, caused from our own denial and lack of certainty. Now 2 out of every 3 teens die of smoking, from what rate among smokers? Does it even matter any more? Why are we so adjusted to our life, and our displeased surroundings, which we constantly barge upon, like a heavy raft upon the shore? Meanwhile we're creating our own miscommunication about population growth. Something less governed, but easily rejected. Like our own manipulation with our daily routines, our daily exercises, and our daily intake. I find it sad, the lack of control we've been able to achieve. Our own ambitions can't even give us more strive towards our future, for there cannot be a future, without the consequence. A life without war would be swell though. So who am I to say?

be-lief (bi lēf') 1 what is held to be true; something believed; opinion: *It was once common belief that the world was flat.* 2 acceptance as true or real; faith; trust: *He expressed his belief in the boy's honesty.* 3 religious faith; creed: *Most children follow the belief of their*

civ-i-lize (siv'ə liz') change a primitive social and political system to a much more complicated one that includes knowledge of the arts and sciences: *The church did much to civilize the Anglo-Saxons.* v., **civ-i-lized**,

con-serv-a-tive (kən sēr'və tiv) 1 inclined to keep things as they are or were in the past; opposed to change: *Old people tend to be more conservative than young ones.* 2 not inclined to take risks; cautious; moderate: *This old, reliable company has conservative business methods.* 3 a person opposed to change.

balk (bok or bōk) 1 stop short and stubbornly refuse to go on: *My horse balked at the fence.* 2 prevent from going on; hinder: *The police balked the robber's plans.*

I call this piece....Finding God.

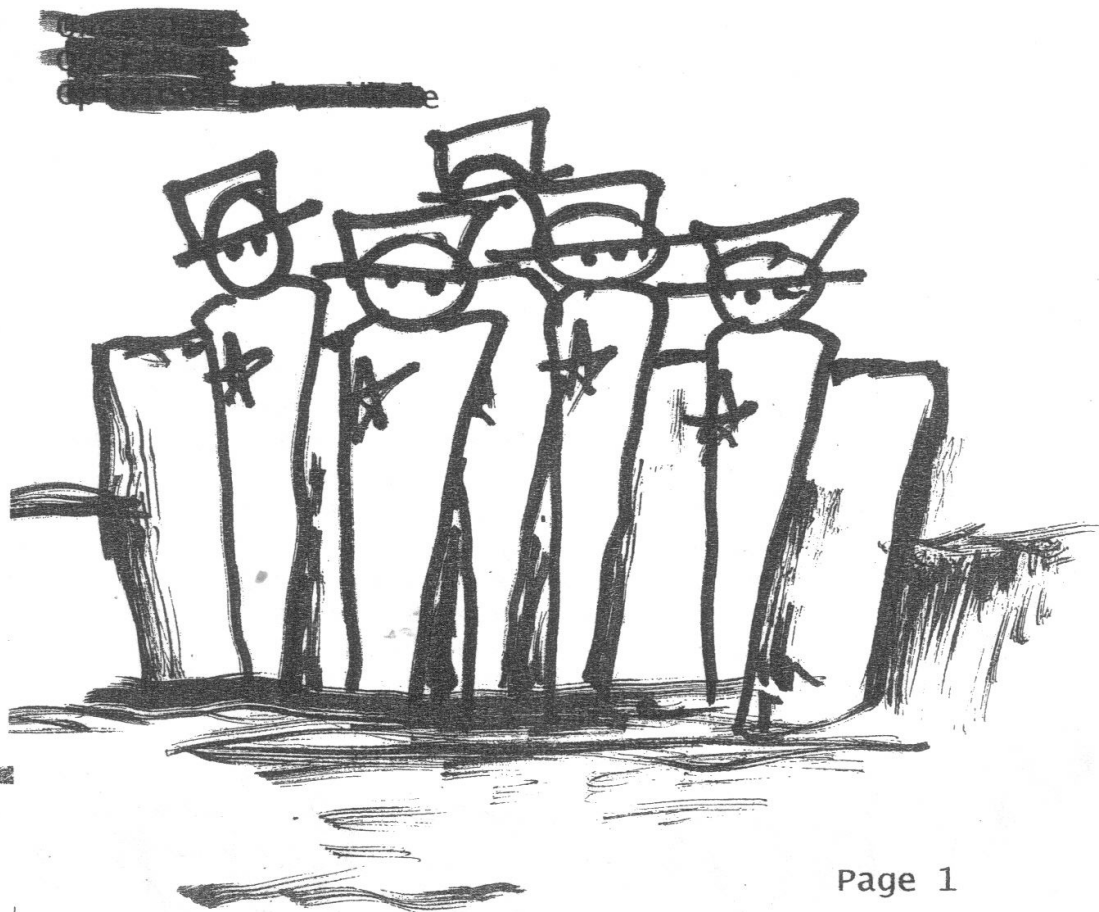
So I'm riding the skytrain, right? And, I don't know what it was I just - I guess something inside of me needed to vent a little, you know? So I turned around and cranked this guy right in the jaw - 'cause my understanding was that God had put him there for me, to give me a vent for my emotions and provide me with relief - so anyways, I crank him right in the jaw and he crumples to the ground embracing his new wound. Most of the people who saw this moved to the other end of the train, and I stood there feeling much better. A little closer to God, you know?

But I guess I wasn't because then God sent three of the guys friends barrelling towards me in defense of the fallen's good name or something and so I just continued to vent. I just kept swingingandswingingandswingingandswingingandswingingand finally there was nothing left to vent upon.

Well, let's just say I felt fucking heavenly after that. I stood over their lifeless corpses and took a deep refreshing breathe, you know? Closed my eyes, tilted my head back, and breathed deep. I had never felt so free...so...light, really. My feet elevated off of the ground and I hovered within the train as we approached the next stop.

Well, despite my state of euphoria I must've not quite made it to its peak because as the skytrain slowed, I noticed five large men that God had given uniforms and hats to, waiting there to issue me into the next level of godliness. So I stepped out of the train and just started

swingingandswingingandswingingandswingingandswingingand
gandswingingandswingingandswingingandswingingandswinging
ngingandswingingandswingingandswingingandswingingandswir
dswingingandswingingandswingingandswingingandswinging...



THIS PAGE IS GEARED TOWARD ALL AND ANY OF YOU WHO REQUIRE A "NORMAL" NEWS FORMAT IN ORDER TO BELIEVE.

In Regards To Shankings...

Okay, so this is a direct stab at the news Corporations, and everything they stand for. Because what do they stand for exactly? To educate and inform?!

I'm sorry, but heart-felt stories about two-legged dogs or five year olds that call 9-1-1 are touching, but hardly informative. Not to mention local news about car accidents and petty theft with all the names blacked out of the document to protect the innocent. Amusing, but entirely unnecessary. In fact, pretty much any crime-related article or report is unnecessary, falling more clearly under entertainment rather than information, save maybe notifications of dangerous individuals on the prowl or information

Regarding how the law works in certain specific examples as created by our local perpetrators. (Which, I might add, is rarely included in articles)

But what I mean is, where do newspapers get the nerve to even try and entertain the audience? That's not part of the deal, and that's not why people read the newspaper. Now we're forced to sift through the entertainment and pull out of it the real information, that's hid behind selling points aimed at key demographics, and it's all about the figures, fuck the content it's the figures that matter. What ever happened to the good old fashioned "Give the people what they want and tell them what they want to know" approach?

World news is informative. I'll give them that. People like to educate themselves about the world around them and the newspaper is chock full of that, man. But even that has been edited and censored to an unknown degree by faceless people in buildings without numbers and what's left is a very small part of a much larger picture - merely the cut and dry and far from the full nine yards, if you catch my drift. So what that boils down to, is although world news comes across as informative, the information presented is rarely useful, am I right? It's tainted. As is the

entire soup that the ingredient simmers within.

I mean, why do people allow themselves to be fed this dribble? They pay a buck every morning to fill their heads with random clip-its of the world around them, taken completely out of context, and it makes them feel special - superior even - because they think they know what's going on because an unknown source is telling them and they accept it all as truthful information because of this unknown source from whence it came. I mean, who would blindly follow the ideologies of another so trustfully?

Ahhh.... but that's the thing. They do. I mean, YOU do.

Hmmmmmm..... So maybe it's you I should be taking a direct stab at.....

Opportunity diminished

Originality destroyed.

Bombs anyone?

Ever wonder what it'd be like to eat a can of worms, usually used as bait? To feel the splatter of boneless creatures smothered together inside your hole, wrenching your twisted face, swallowing them entirely?

I give it the same affect as being raised in an environment of strategic game play and careful consideration. I see the affects of war, the chaos of cities as they fall by the hands of imperialistic determination. I hear through news and media the aftermath and the starvation, the people and the crisis. Screams echo through the night air as aristocratic admirers sit in their bewildered office. I shiver to the sensation of leaders sending nightmares to children, through constant bombings, as they discuss the outcome of another tragedy. What manipulation have we endured through, and what have we missed because we've taken our early take-out dinners.

I fear for us

SHOWS

UNDERGROUND
METAL FEST
PETH, LAMB OF GOD
SWAR, SYL, CLUTCH
ETC. ETC. ETC. PNE

DEBRIS INC.

^W
intronant

The Brickyard
April 22nd

STRAPPING
YOUNGLAD

^WGUESTS

MAY 14

Commodore Ballroom

TIMEBAG *
TRIBUTE
SAT. APR. 23rd
ADONAI

MAY
6th ASBALT
LOWER CLASS
BRATS & CLIT
THE NEONARIES
The Vibrators
MAY 14th ASBALT

RAKING BUNBS

^WGUESTS

@ SEYLN HALL
APRIL 30

LIMBELIMB

^WHEAT OF HANKIND

ASTORIA - APR. 22

HORROR POPS ^W

APRIL 30 GUESTS
THE BRICKYARD

HT LA
ER IP
TI QR
AB VI
CU IL
CT D2
IE C9
C LV
A UB

CR
KW
INE
ND

^WGUESTS

FERNWOOD LHM. CENTR

APRIL 30

THE FLIPTOPS
^WTHE GUNSHOTS
THE NOVS PUB 340
APRIL 29

AND YOU WILL
KNOW US BY THE
TRAIL OF THE
DEAD. MAY 20th

YADDA YADDA ETC. ETC
GET OUT THERE &
DO SOMETHING

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